

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITOR.
ED. JAMES.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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August 13, 1868.

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Office in Colonnade Row. [aug13]

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SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug13]

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Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug13]

JOE WORK of all kinds done at THE ALLEGHANIAN OFFICE, High St., Ebensburg, Pa.

The Song of Time.

Look out! lift up the window high!
Old Father Time is going by!
Quick! look before the sight is gone!
With restless foot he hurries on,
And shakes his hour glass in his hands,
To swifter make its flowing sands;
While through the distance, faint but clear,
Oh! list, his pilgrim song I hear!

"On! on! I must not, cannot stay!
No resting place is in my way!
Through summer's blossom-scented grass,
O'er autumn's yellow leaves I pass;
The flowers of May my step lays low;
I press through winter's drifted snow—
On! on! forever more I go!

"But whoso'er my path may be,
Decay and change still follow me;
And beauty goes as fades the rose,
And tints a rainbow-bubble glow;
And youth grows old, and love grows cold,
And hope proves false as morning dew;
Mid earth's cold blasts there's nothing lasts,
Oh! nothing but the soul that's true!

"That cannot die! It lives for aye!
It keeps its bloom eternally!
Unstayed by passion's heated breath,
Unshaken by fear, untouched by death,
Sublimely beautiful and free,
Serene, alone, it smiles at me!"

Oh! Father Time, farewell! farewell!
With thy swift steps our lives depart!
But may thy song forever dwell
An inspiration in each heart!

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

GEN. GRANT AT HOME.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Galena, Ill., the home of the President elect, gives an interesting sketch of his character and habits, and makes public some of his declarations, which have a peculiar significance at this time. The attainments and social qualities of Mrs. Grant are also sketched in a gossiping manner. The writer had been sojourning a week at Galena, beginning four days before and ending two days after the Presidential election, and during that time he had constant intercourse with the President elect and the members of his household. The letter fills several columns, the most interesting portions of which are given below:

GRANT'S GALENA HOME.

At the close of the war the gratitude of Grant's old friends here was shown in a most practical and substantial manner. A magnificent present, consisting of a comfortable and lovely cottage, rising in some what stately dimensions from the apex of one of the infantile mountains which form the jagged area of East Galena, was tendered to him in the name of friendship and patriotism, and he could but accept it. It was furnished by the donors in a comfortable and generous style, and in perfect living condition handed over to him. But the duties of General Grant, as commander of the Armies of the United States, have heretofore precluded any long enjoyment of this unpretentious but elegant gift.

The properties of the campaign which has closed so grandly rendered it peculiarly opportune that he should repair from the politician's Mecca, Washington, to this secluded spot, and for three months he has been here with his family. Washington is Grant's official home, whether in his own capacious and elegant mansion in Douglas row on I street, or at the White House. Galena is his Ashland; his Hermitage; his Mt. Vernon. Here is his "Home, sweet Home," and no tinsel of office or pageantry of honor can obliterate the fact which supersedes all others, that the home of Ulysses S. Grant is that plain, square brick cottage on yonder towering summit in East Galena. Certainly a two story cottage having four comfortable apartments on the first floor, and five or six chambers above, cannot be termed aristocratically grand for the most successful General of modern times, and the President elect of the greatest Republic the world has known. It is just such an establishment, with closets, ranges, neat fireplaces, bright tongs, good carpets and pictures, as any well-to-do and frugal people would strive for—no more. Plainness, good taste and utility have been consulted, and the harmony is complete.

For three exciting months, while Frank P. Blair has been raving from city to city, proclaiming against the giant humanity of the time, and as the Medium of Furies, encouraging retrogression to the dark ages, and while Horatio Seymour blew blasts of political poison to critical crowds in a half dozen States, Gen. Grant, unmoved from the properties of his station, has been here, surrounded by a part of his loving family, receiving his neighbors and friends at his own fireside in Democratic sociables, where witty charades and other domestic amusements whiled away the happy hours, riding over the surrounding hills, returning calls, and acting the part of a "great com-moner" generally.

Grant's family proper consists of an affectionate and amiable wife, three sons and one daughter; but one son (the oldest) is at West Point, the second one in Washington, while a lovely daughter, with "A round, white neck and wealth of tress, A beautiful plenty of hair," and little Jessie, 9 years of age, who will

be a second "Tad" in the White House, are here. Judge Dent, aged 81, the fine-looking father of Mrs. Grant, is also of the family; and so closely allied to the private matters of the General are the members of his staff, that Cols. Badeau and Comstock may be denominated a part of Grant's household. Nothing more clearly evinces the modest and undemonstrative character of Gen. Grant than what he said to a gentleman recently: "I stay here," said he, "because I like the place and my good neighbors, and because I want quiet. I did think I could spend some time at the watering places; but, on second thought, I came to the conclusion that a stay at Saratoga or Long Branch would be a kind of martyrdom that I did not care to endure."

MRS. JULIA GRANT.
It was not necessary for me to enjoy the spirited affability, the exquisite conversational powers of Mrs. Grant, in order to learn that Ulysses Grant has a well-developed domestic nature; that his love of home and of family is of the purest, highest order; that his home relations are refreshingly sweet and beautiful. A visit or two at his fireside will disclose these facts, and they are seen, too, not in the grand drama of "family exhibition," (with the astonishing reality behind the curtain,) but in those small, intimate, and familiar matters which, combined, form the delightful superstructure of a happy home.

Gen. Grant takes great delight in his children, particularly the youngest—the family pet—Master Jessie. He is, indeed, a dear, bright boy, and worthy any father's affection; but Grant makes him a companion, and is both a father and a friend to the young scion. Speaking of the coming cares and responsibilities of the Executive mansion, and of the old-time joys when they lived in a rented brick cottage on the towering side in West Galena, Mrs. Grant said to me:

"Those were the happiest days of my life. We had a sweet little home, with every convenience and comfort; the yard was large; you saw it. Well, it doesn't look half so lovely now as then; the grass grew luxuriantly, and bright flowers and fresh trees made it a little paradise. In the evening, Mr. Grant would come home and I would have the children all dressed, and myself in an evening robe, and we were just as happy as we could wish. Often we would ride out with the children, and I did really love to keep house then."

As she spoke these words, her eyes sparkled, and they were uttered with an earnestness which plainly indicated their depth of meaning. She spoke of a published statement in a Paris journal, alleging that Grant's military discipline was so severe that he even practised the most painful exhibition of it in his family, and related, as an instance, a certain infliction on a son, which was made severe by his mother for some trivial offense. Mrs. Grant said it was wholly unfounded, and "the children are never punished—never, by either of us; we are extremely lenient to them, and try to conquer and rule by love. If General Grant determined on punishing them, I know I should protest." And all that I saw of Jessie and his older sister goes to confirm my opinion that the domestic peace is never disturbed, and that few indeed are the "family jars" which interfere with the marital joys of Ulysses and Julia Grant.

I need not designate the multiplied instances where pride, vice, and stupidity have prevailed in the White House—in its feminine management. Now that a quiet man of the people is to assume the Presidential office, the inquiry turns naturally to the qualities Mrs. Grant will bring into the honorable position she will soon be called on to fill. In a general way, it might be said that she is in all respects a lady; that she is a true woman, a good wife, a fond mother, and that the fashionable world need feel no apprehension that so long as she presides over the Presidential Mansion, its conduct will not be of a character to gratify and charm the most scrupulous admirer and most fastidious critic of what is fit and proper in that high place.

During my sojourn in Galena, I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Grant in her parlor on several occasions. Tho' I had met her at the grand, crowded receptions in Washington, I never before conversed with her, and I am, upon acquaintance, charmed with her fascinating manners. She is the fortunate possessor of delightful colloquial powers, vivacious, discriminating, sympathetic, and generous, and I have met no lady of late years with a broader comprehensiveness of duty as a mother and a woman. She discussed the great requirements of the White House in a spirit of perfect understanding. I am satisfied there is no lady in the land more capable of lending to the Executive Mansion its due charm, or of conducting it with greater good sense. In anticipation of the responsibilities coming upon her, she seems to have made the subject one of considerate reflection, and while she will scrupulously shun the scylla of tinsel, pride, and hauteur, she will, with equal watchfulness, guard against the charybdis of aristocratic retirement and seclusion.—Frank, affable, amiable, and true, a lover of friends and of cultivated society, with most excellent tastes and a sentient conception of the duties and proprieties of life, Mrs. Grant will conduct the White House with fascinating ease. In the lan-

guage of her husband, she can say: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear."

THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

During the memorable dark April-days of 1865, it will be remembered that something was published about it having been the intention of Gen. Grant to accompany President Lincoln to Ford's Theatre on the fatal night of April 14th. In all probability, the desperate assassin intended to commit a double murder, and perhaps the nation does not know that it was by the decision of Mrs. Grant that such a menacing calamity was averted. Mrs. Grant detailed to me the circumstances which determined her to proceed that night by the train to Philadelphia. She said further:

"A messenger called with a note from Mrs. Lincoln requesting us to accompany the Presidential party to Ford's Theatre. I informed him that we were going to Philadelphia. 'But,' said the messenger, 'you are announced in the papers to be present to-night.' In a more emphatic manner I responded, 'You will please deliver my message, with my regrets.' He returned to Mrs. Lincoln, and we took the evening train for Philadelphia."

Thus, by a sacrifice of pleasure to duty, she doubtless saved the life of her husband and averted additional horror from a distressed people.

GRANT AND RADICALISM.

During my several days' sojourn in Galena, and not unfrequent interviews with Gen. Grant, I have learned much concerning topics of great public interest.—The country has grown familiar with the fact that the "young and indomitable Democracy" are utterly unscrupulous in means and ends, and we are now led to know, bitterly for the nation's peace and prosperity, that for power's sake they stand agnath at no desperate deed or pusillanimous humiliation. It has been their boast that if the Radicals elected Ulysses S. Grant, a schism will soon appear in our party, and like poor Andy Johnson, Grant will go off with a segment of Radicalism—the segment denominating itself Conservative Republican—squarely into the embrace of the young indomitable Democracy.

Every effort will be made by the defeated and routed rebels to accomplish by strategy and diplomacy what they have failed to do by bullets and ballots. They could neither conquer nor coax U. S. Grant—they capture him?

The correspondent, in order to throw light on Grant's political views, quotes from an article in the Galena Gazette, published in 1866, nominating Grant for the Presidency, which contained the following sentence, and received his unqualified approval and indorsement:

"We know that all his hopes and sympathies are with the great and patriotic Union party of this country. In feeling and sentiment, he is thoroughly identified with the millions of loyal people who, in the long years of war and carnage, gave their hearts, their blood, and their treasure to their country. He has neither sympathy with nor toleration for any party or any set of men who were against the country in its terrible time of trial and peril through which it has passed."

General Grant stood upon that platform more than two and a half years ago. No word or deed of his from that day to this can be distorted to mean anything different. He is committed inflexibly to the war party of the nation, and he has no toleration for the copperhead wing of the Democratic party. Whenever he has occasion to refer to the Democracy at all, he applies the term "copperhead," for he only recognizes two parties in the land, one with the rebels, and the other with the loyalty of the nation.

On the financial and reconstruction questions, both growing directly out of the rebellion and as inseparable from each other as from it, he is heart and soul with the Republican party. He said in my hearing: "It is wickedness and folly to talk of repudiation in any shape. The debt was contracted to carry on the war, and it is as sacred as the war itself."

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

Magnanimity and generosity are largely developed in Grant's nature. He is punctilious about observing the terms of the parole given the surrendering rebels, so long as it is not broken by them. Hence his unyielding opposition to any interference with Lee by Andy Johnson while Lee kept the pledged faith. But Gen. Grant feels keenly concerning the diabolical course of the Ku-Klux Klan, composed as it is almost wholly of paroled rebels, and countenanced and led by rebel officers; and he is not insensible to the palpable fact that rebels in editorial places can easily break the terms of the parole by advocating incendiary doctrines and fomenting turbulence and bloodshed. The day following his election he said to me: "I'd like to see the tone of the rebel papers now. I imagine they will quiet down as they did after Lee's surrender."

This intimation, taken in connection with further remarks, was as much as to say, "continued treasonable teachings and violence there will and must be suppressed."

Gen. Grant certainly regards the terms of the Reconstruction laws eminently magnanimous under the circumstances. Speaking of rebel impudence in demand-

ing power, &c., he detailed to me a historic instance of peculiar import.

He said: "The morning that Lee surrendered he rode out between the lines, and I went out and met him, and we had a couple of hours' talk. Lee said he hoped I would offer as magnanimous terms to the other Confederate armies as his had received. I told him he should, if he wished to serve his friends, go to the other armies in person and prevail upon them to surrender. He said he would wish to see Mr. Davis first. I didn't encourage a conference with Mr. Davis, so that suggestion ended. But what I wanted to call your attention to was this: Lee thought the Southern people would be perfectly satisfied to give up all their property, and all they expected of the Government was to be secured in life and a right to go back unmolested to try to live industriously and peacefully in this Government. But as for ever having any voice again in the Government, or exercising political rights, why they never thought of nor expected any such thing."

These are words from Grant's own lips since his election to the Presidency. And he is not a sluggard in statesmanship. He will not be found stubbornly asserting his old-time views against the progress of the age. He will swim with every tidal swell, and grow with the country's growth.

I was conversing with him of the expansion of the western settlements; of the railways to the Pacific; and the grand results in that direction while the impious and rebellious South has pined and suffered.

"I think," said Grant, "that Providence must have had a hand in it, and prevented an earlier reconstruction of the South for two reasons: First to keep the tide of emigration and enterprise flowing into the vast and productive West, and secondly to punish the Southern people, through their own agency, for their unceasing errors."

Four Years Among the Savages.

The Colorado Tribune has the following strange story:

We saw at the Planters' House, yesterday, a woman named Jennie Blackburn, a native of Mount Jackson, S. C., who claims to have been a prisoner among different tribes of Indians about four years. She is now about 28 years old, and is a cripple from the loss of both her legs, which have been amputated twice, the first time at the ankle joints, and again about three inches below the knee. Her story of her capture and imprisonment is about as follows, commencing with how she came to be in the Indian country.—When she was five years old, her father, Thomas Blackburn, emigrated from South Carolina and joined the Mormons at Nauvoo, Ill. He accompanied them to Florence, Nebraska, and finally emigrated to Utah with the earliest emigrants, and preached among them. In 1863 or 1864, the father, having become somewhat dissipated, and having for some time been accustomed to living among the Mormon Indians, Lizzie and her mother and two younger sisters, aged respectively ten and fourteen years, concluded to run away from him and the Mormons, and if possible reach California. They took with them only what they could pack about their persons, and with a rifle and some ammunition started westward from Salt Lake and wandered for nine months, when they were captured by the Digger Indians. Lizzie was sold by the Diggers to the Foxes. The mother and two remaining sisters, when they learned of Lizzie's sale, ran away from the Diggers. They were pursued, and when found, had starved and frozen to death on Horse Creek. The Foxes sold Lizzie to the Snakes. She ran away from the Snakes, but was captured. She was badly frozen in the attempt. She says that two half-breeds, named Town-tinus and Panchanata, took her to Washington, D. C., where her limbs were amputated, and that she was returned to the Snakes by her father's direction, he being among them as a kind of chief at the time. She says that her father has spent most of his time among the Indians for seven or eight years, and is with them now. He is with the Arrapahoes or Cheyennes. The Snakes traded her to the Arrapahoes, from whom she escaped about a year ago, by the assistance of one Fred Jones, a Government scout, and was brought into Ellsworth. At the time of her escape, the Arrapahoes were encamped at the big bend of the Arkansas. A portion of the time since her escape she has been engaged as a scout, but for the last few months she has been doing house-work at a stage station down on Snaky Hill road. Fred Jones, her rescuer, was discharged from the Government employ last spring just before the outbreak down on the Solomon in Kansas, and as he threatened to go with the Indians, it was supposed he was with them at that time. She says she counted one hundred and fifty white men in one Indian camp which she visited while acting in the capacity of a scout, and that there are a great many among all the tribes. The Diggers treated her most cruelly and all treated her very roughly. Her father, though, often protected her from severe treatment. She says that she has an uncle living somewhere on her way to him. It is a strange, romantic story.

Tricks of a Juggler.

The far-famed Robert Heller cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happen to be present.

On Saturday last, while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired: "How do you sell eggs, auntie?" "Dem eggs," was the response; "dey am a picayune apiece—fresh, too, de last one of 'em; biled 'em myself, and know dey's first rate."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sir, deey dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a neat little pen-knife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired:

"And how much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bress my soul! Dat egg! De fact am, boss, dis egg is worth a dime, shuar."

"All right," was the response; "here's the dime. Now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator as before. The old woman was thunder-struck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask the price of the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use talkin', marse'r," said the bewildered old darkey, "I cant let you hab dat egg nohow for less than a quarter, I declare to de Lord I cant."

"Very good," said Heller, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker's, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the savant coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it I believe I will buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price!" exclaimed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, marse'r, for all de money you got. No, dat you couldn't. I se gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is; and dat money in dem eggs all belong to me. It does dat. Couldn't sell no more of dem eggs no how."

Amid the roar of the spectators the benighted African started to her domicile to smash dem eggs, but with what success we are unable to relate.

A Buried City.

Pompeii, which was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, now enables us to understand more of the habits and customs of the people of Italy in that age, than could possibly be known from any other source.

The city was destroyed by the dust and ashes and gases from an eruption of the mountain, which fell softly, and fixed, as in a mould, all the inanimate objects as they then stood in the city, and, indeed, such of the inhabitants as could not escape. By a very ingenious method, the gentleman who has had the direction of the workmen who dig away the ashes from the ruins of the city is enabled not only to preserve the forms of some of the citizens, but the texture of their dresses, the hair, beards, and head-dresses, and the very attitude of terror they presented when buried by the falling cinders. His plan is this:

Whenever the pick struck into a hollow, instead of breaking it up, he poured plaster of paris into it—just in fact, as he would into a mould—and in several cases he was rewarded by the earth yielding up models of some of its long perished people. In one case a perfect group of Pompeians was thus preserved, and is now in the museum. Among these is a woman, apparently of noble birth, lying on her side, with limbs contracted, showing that she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress is preserved, and the texture of her robe; and the rings still remained on the finger-bones, and not far from her a bunch of keys, and some silver money, and the remains of a linen bag. A servant lay beside her, with an iron ring upon her hand; and in an apartment close at hand a young girl was discovered with her skirts thrown over her head, to protect her from the falling pumice-stone.

In some of the winters' shows the wine stains are yet preserved upon the counters, and where a wall was found in the course of being built, the mortar is close at hand, and the tools of the mason. In the museum specimens of the furniture of houses of every grade of society are stored, and the domestic belongings of the Pompeians are brought before the spectators actually as they appeared in life.

To MORROW is the day on which idle men work and fools reform.